

JUNE 1961

# Maryknoll



The Martyrdom of  
Theophane Venard  
—See page 60

Maryknoll's New Priests—page 30



**LIVING WATERS.** At a shrine in Japan, pilgrims drink sacred water. Water has always symbolized purification. Christ called Himself the living water. Through baptism all are joined by grace to Him.

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## FOCUS on the features



# Maryknoll

MAGAZINE

### ● maryknoll ordains: 1961

Another ordination class, thirty-five strong, leaves our seminary for the missions! See what its members look like, and read what they hope to do. Begin page 30.

### ● we, the dispossessed

On the doorstep of China, the victims of Red oppression have turned Hong Kong into a haven for people who dare to be free. Page 46.

### ● meet mrs. yamauchi

She's warm and hospitable, and very anxious to let you know what life is like for Catholic housewives in Nagahama, Japan. See page 2.

### ● legacy of the land

A photo-poem of the great wealth given man by God—wherein many men find their happiness. Page 15.

### ...and in between

Americans, relatively secure from the ravages of disease, will ponder their blessings after reading about Africa's health, page 10. For a possible remedy to this and other world problems, read Father Nevins's editorial, page 40. A short feature, page 25, will tell you the reason why the streets of Huehuetenango are no longer bedlam. Finally, if you want to know what snail fever is, ask Father John A. Rich, M.M., or turn to page 55.

**Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America, Inc.**

**"... to those  
who love God  
all things work  
together for good."**

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers  
Maryknoll, New York**



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Vol. LV No. 6

June, 1961

# Happiness Is a Thing

## HOUSEWIVES AROUND THE WORLD

Photos and text

by Anthony J. Karlovecius, M.M.

**T**HE YAMAUCHI family lives in the Japanese city of Nagahama, in Shiga County. Located fifty miles northeast of Kyoto, on the shores of Lake Biwa, Nagahama (meaning Long Beach) is an industrial center with a population of nearly 50,000.

Mr. Thomas Yamauchi is an honest man who unhesitatingly attributes the bulk of his happiness to his wife, Dolores. She in turn laughs and says that her husband is, indeed, a rare man, even a saint, to put up with someone like her.

"I have many faults," she says, "but Thomas is either very kind or very blind. He refuses to recognize them!"

However, life for the Yamauchis has not been without its sorrow. Like most Japanese, they love children; and when they married thirteen years ago, they envisioned a large family. But after the birth of Maria, who is now twelve years old, Dolores lost five children during pregnancy.

Three years ago, when she learned she was again with child, Dolores made a series of novenas to the Blessed Mother, promising that, if a son were born, he would belong to God. Her prayers were answered. Young Mark is

**Saturday afternoon** in Nagahama:  
wonderful time for window-shopping!

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# Called Love

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**Two-year-old Mark is always ready for a game of telephone, as long as Mother doesn't do all the talking.**



**Sunday's breakfast, after Mass, is a highlight of the week. Dolores always prepares the family's favorite soup, with rice, beans, salted fish.**

nearly two years old now—a strapping youngster with contagious laughter and a roaring appetite. Does he still belong to God?

“Not only does Mark belong com-

• MARYKNOLL



pletely to God," Dolores replies, "but if God so wills, I pray that He will take my son to be a priest."

Mrs. Yamauchi begins an average day by rising at six o'clock. While her

husband and children sleep, she prepares breakfast and mentally arranges her day's activities. At six-thirty she wakes Thomas (whom she usually has to call twice) and Maria. A half hour



**Mark isn't very sure of the cold water, but he likes the soft towel.**

later, she puts their breakfast of tea, rice, and bean-paste soup on the *sho-kutako*—a low, wood-and-wicker piece of furniture not unlike an Occidental coffee table.

At seven forty-five, Thomas leaves for his office in the Planning and Patent Division of Nagahama Synthetic Resins Company. Fifteen minutes later, Maria is skipping out the door, her school books under her arms.

Between eight and eighty-thirty, Dolores feeds Mark, returns him to his crib, and then has her own breakfast. After washing the morning dishes, she tackles her routine housework: first

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the bedrooms, then the dusting, laundry and watering of plants in her modest but artistically arranged rock garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Yamauchi live in a two-story, middle-income home. The first floor has two rooms, each about nine by ten feet, and a small kitchen; the second floor has two bedrooms, each nine by twelve. The household furniture consists of the *shokutako*, several bamboo-fiber chairs, three chests of drawers with movable cabinets, a desk, a radio and a television set.

Dolores points with pride to labor-saving devices in her kitchen. They include an electric rice-cooker stove, a refrigerator, and an electrically powered pump that supplies well water.

By eleven o'clock Mark is ready for some kind of game. It may be a prolonged session of "I Spy," or something requiring more imagination (and patience), such as interminable "phone" conversations. His most recent game involves a sudden dash to the garden, where he attempts (sometimes successfully) to strip the petals from the first chrysanthemum that catches his bright, black eyes. (Currently he is pondering the fact that his new game invariably ends with a slap on each palm.)

At twelve noon, Dolores and Mark share a light lunch. Then both take naps.

"Mark is his father's son," she says, smiling. "He drops off to sleep like a rock falling into a pond."

Each afternoon, at about two o'clock, Dolores walks seven blocks to market. Her son, wide awake then and usually content to direct the shopping from the sponge-rubber seat of his carriage, accompanies her. On a daily budget of \$1.35, Dolores is able to put three nu-



**As do most Japanese wives, Dolores buys food for one day at a time.**



**Japanese cuisine depends almost entirely on fish and fresh vegetables.**



**On summer evenings** many families in Japan entertain themselves by lighting sparklers (above) similar to those used in the States on the Fourth of July. Another favorite sport is a game of chance (below) something like parchesi.



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**Dolores' one complaint** is echoed by housewives the world over: too much time is spent in kitchen!

tritious meals—rice, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables—on the table.

At six o'clock Mr. Yamauchi is home from work. By nine, dinner is finished; the dishes are done; Maria is yawning over her arithmetic books; Mark is dreaming of chrysanthemums. It is then time for the *ofuro*, the Japanese family bath. After that family prayers are recited, before an ivory crucifix.

Mrs. Yamauchi says that Catholicism plays a very significant role in her life. She recites the Rosary each day; and whenever she finds time for reading, she usually turns to books of a devotional nature. She is one of the most active members of the Maryknoll parish, where Father Edmund T. Sham-

baris, of Waterbury, Conn., is pastor.

After family prayers, Maria is tucked into bed. The next hour and a half belong to Thomas and Dolores, giving them the chance to engage in the quiet, random conversation of a devoted couple. By ten-thirty the Yamauchi house, in Nagahama, is dark and silent.

It would be wonderful if the Yamauchis were a typical Japanese family. But this is hardly the case. They do represent, however, the ideal that Maryknoll missionaries in this island empire of 90 million non-Christians are attempting to achieve; a family dedicated to one another and to God; a family wherein happiness is a way of life. ■■





# The State of AFRICA'S HEALTH

## THE AREA

Sub-Sahara Africa is an area of eight million square miles with a population of 155 millions. It is in this region that the newly emerging nations are to be found. For many years, the area had as bad a health record as any place in the world. Now, through the efforts of medical missionaries and the World Health Organization, disease is being brought under control.

## SNAIL FEVER

Scientifically known as bilharziasis, snail fever is endemic in Sub-Sahara Africa. The disease is caused by parasites of snails found in water. It leads to many deaths by lowering resistance to other diseases. By lowering vitality, it discourages efforts to develop agri-

culture and industry. It can be checked by treating infected waters with poisons to kill the snails, by treating the sick with drugs, and by educating the people not to bathe in infected waters.

## MALARIA

About 100 million Africans are exposed to malaria which causes over five thousand deaths a year. Malaria is very difficult to eradicate because the mosquito that carries the disease is widespread and unpredictable. Some mosquitoes become resistant to insecticides. A program set up in one part of Africa can be undone by mosquitoes moving in from another. While the battle against mosquitoes goes on, the people afflicted must be treated. Antimalarial drugs are being used on an ever-increasing scale.

● In Sub-Sahara Africa there is one doctor for every 10,745 people.

● Some 2.3 million Africans suffer from leprosy.

● Yaws afflict 16 million Africans but may disappear in another generation.

● About 100 million people are exposed to malaria.

● River blindness affects 20 million Africans.

● Influenza causes about 350 deaths each year.

● Sleeping sickness exists but the former epidemics have been conquered.

● Tuberculosis is a growing threat, resulting largely from malnutrition.

● Some hundreds of cases of plague are recorded yearly.

● For the most part, yellow fever is under control.

## LEPROSY

About twenty per cent of the people suffering from leprosy in the world are to be found in Africa. Half of the 2.3 million Africans afflicted with the disease are under treatment. It is expected that every sufferer will be under treatment in a decade and that in a generation the disease will have almost entirely disappeared. The new sulphone drugs are in general use.

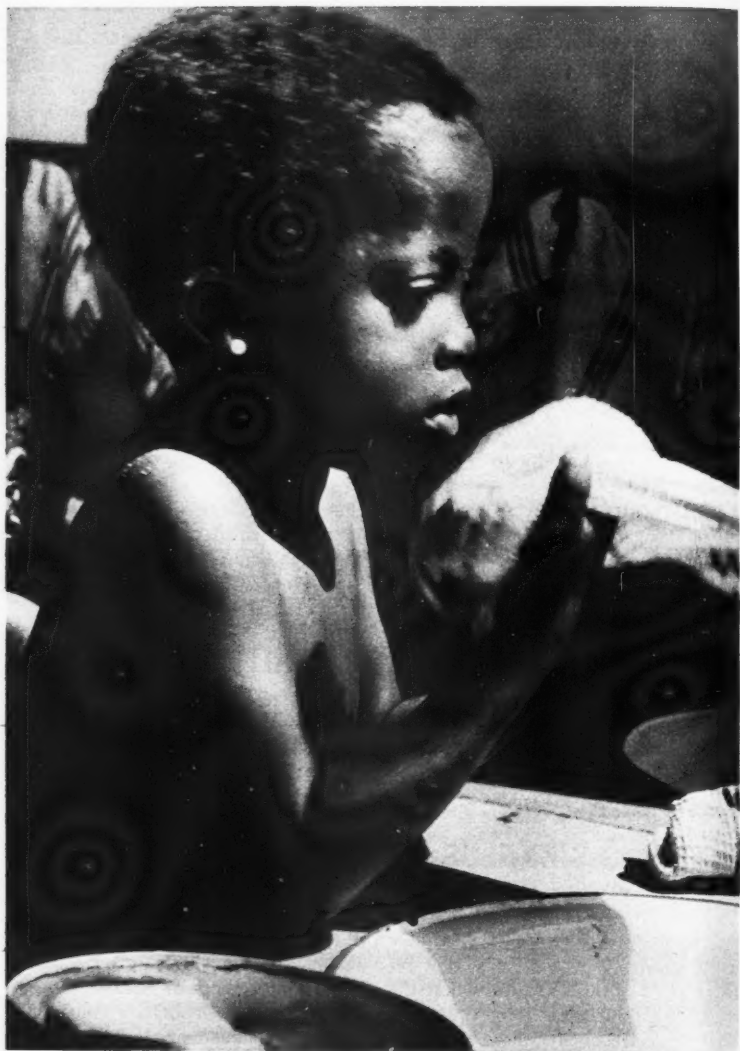
## SLEEPING SICKNESS

Sleeping sickness has not been eradicated but the incidence of the disease has been drastically lowered by very strict controls that have sealed off large areas of bush country where the tsetse fly flourishes. It is estimated that there are twenty thousand cases

of sleeping sickness, causing about a thousand deaths a year. The former widespread epidemics have ended, but control measures cannot be relaxed.

## MALNUTRITION

Although most Africans are not undernourished, they are badly nourished. Few die of actual hunger, but most have unbalanced diets and a lack of animal protein. This results in lowering the resistance of the people to disease and indirectly causes many deaths. The solution is in education for better eating habits, by introducing new foods, by stock and fish raising, and by using supplementary foods. American surplus food products have been furnished missionaries in Africa through Catholic Relief Services, and are providing a partial answer to the problem.



**Modern medical advances mean a healthier and longer life for him.**

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## RIVER BLINDNESS

This disease (onchocerciasis) is caused by a worm—the parasite of stinging flies that live near water. The disease leads to blindness and entire populations scatter before it, leaving the land depopulated. Some 20 million people are affected by the disease. Drugs to cure it are highly toxic and difficult to administer. Campaigns are now being conducted against the parasite-carrying fly.

## YAWS

Yaws is a highly contagious disease transmitted by simple contact. It is a disease of poverty, disfiguring and mutilating those afflicted. It is estimated that 16 million people are afflicted. However, in the last few years eight million have been cured. The cure is a single shot of penicillin. In another decade, the disease should disappear from Africa.

## TUBERCULOSIS

Tuberculosis is a major problem in Africa and at the present time is on the increase. The actual number of sufferers is not known but samplings by health teams indicate that in some areas it is epidemic. Mass-treatment trials have also begun.

## SMALLPOX

Smallpox epidemics still break out from time to time. However, control is kept by systematic vaccinations of

whole populations. In the past this dread scourge decimated entire countries, and the conquest of the disease represents one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

## MENTAL HEALTH

Formerly the least of the problems of Sub-Sahara Africa, mental health is becoming increasingly important. This is due to urbanization, detribalization, and the destruction of traditional beliefs, which have shaken the very foundation of African life. The problem is expected to increase in the years ahead.

## PLAGUE

Some hundreds of cases of plague are discovered each year in the southeastern part of the continent. The disease, however, is on the wane due to the widespread use of insecticides which kill the fleas that spread this historic scourge.

## YELLOW FEVER

In the cities and large centers of population, yellow fever has ceased to be a menace. Obligatory vaccinations and campaigns against mosquitoes have reduced the disease to almost nothing. However, sporadic cases do break out in jungle areas where certain animals maintain an impregnable reservoir of the virus. It is almost impossible to wipe out these isolated and unpredictable instances. ■■



Peru. On the high, bleak Andean plateau, an Indian farmer threshes grain.

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Uganda. Food grows readily in the rich and fertile soil of central Africa.

## From the Land-Life

**T**HE EARTH is a bountiful mother to mankind. Treat her with kindness, nurture her with love, and she will return her richest fruits. Without her bounty, the human race could not exist. From the earth, God took a handful of dust and breathed in life, and man was formed. To the earth, God gave His richest gifts. The earth is crammed with heaven, and if man will but take the time, he will see that every bush is afire with God. The sea has its pearls, the heavens their stars, but earth has man, a creature of body and soul, made in the image of God.





**The earth** does not yield her riches without work. Rice, the major staple of the world, is produced only by hard labor. In Korea (above), the rice field is plowed. (Below) A Japanese woman carefully sets out each plant.







**Formosa.** The rice harvest is the time for all the family to work. The golden grains will be carried away for drying, the stalks to become animal food.



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**The long reach of Father Robert Julien is useful in getting a papaya for this Tanganyikan woman. The Cambodian youngster (left) is going fishing.**



# THE APOSTLES

*This piece will make you proud  
to be a partner with these  
get-things-done missionaries  
in a thriving Korean parish.*

**W**HAT are you going to do today, Mike?" asked Father Frank Ryan, pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows mission in South Korea.

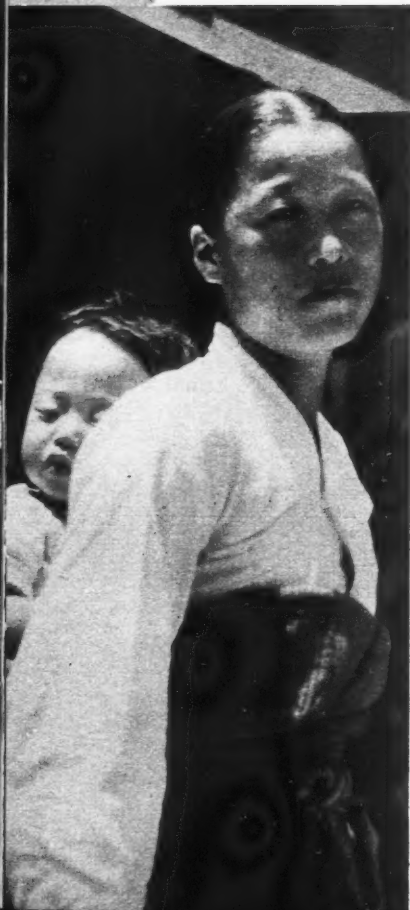
"I am going down to Long Lake Village, to see a few people who have been away from the sacraments for a while," said Mike.

The catch is that Michael cannot see. He is completely blind. Michael, though, has a way of noticing. The apostolic tap-tap of his walking stick probes the substance and the rebounding sounds of every village street, for miles around. Michael's way is penetrating. It gets to the very heart of human personality.

Michael's exceedingly sharp ears measure height by the direction from which a voice comes. He distinguishes person from person as clearly as casual eyes scan a face. Those sharp ears are at the service of a fine mind and

**A Korean mama wears her baby everywhere—like a badge of office.**

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# S OF HOLY MOUNTAIN

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

a very sensitive heart. Michael has exceptional hearing, thinking, feeling. He knows that character and personality are clearly reflected in the quality, pitch, and modulation of each person's voice. Rigid minds speak with a mechanical sameness; a rich, warm personality has a voice to match.

Mike knows his way into the hearts of people, as well as he knows, on the streets of Long Lake Village, just the thatched hut of a backslider. At first people laughed at the idea of an uneducated, blind catechist teaching them the doctrine. But Michael Cho knew by heart the entire catechism and the entire teachers' manual for catechists.

They soon learned to respect his faultless memory and his sharp insight into the true and false of their answers. They accorded him the title of "Teacher." Michael, by his genuine respect and love for people, first sold himself before he tried to sell his teaching.

Mike was born of greatness. As a

spiritual son, he stands on the shoulders of a spiritual giant, Father Camillus Boullion, of the Paris Foreign Missions Society.

Father Boullion came to Long Lake in 1897, and remained its masterful pastor for fifty years until his death, in 1947. For years his mission embraced the entire present vicariate of Chong Ju. Covering the immense territory on horseback, he was a familiar and respected person everywhere. And his word was law to tens of thousands, Christian and non-Christian alike.

Father Boullion built a primary school and large convent for the Sisters of Our Lady of Chartres. The prestige of the church and the school of Our Lady of Sorrows—as well as the zealous pastor, attracted Catholic families to settle near Holy Mountain and form Long Lake Village.

Twenty different missions now care for the section of South Korea that sprang to life under the spiritual touch of this great missionary. Two local mis-

sions — of two thousand Christians each — have already been broken off from Our Lady of Sorrows Parish. Soon another mission of two thousand Christians will be formed. That will still leave three thousand Christians for the present pastor, Father Ryan, and his curate (Father Alfred Keane, from Boston). More missionaries can do what was only an impossible dream for the pioneer—have Sunday Mass regularly. This deepens the spiritual lives of the parishioners and increases still further the number of Christians. Father Boullion would have been the first to say that even now the work has only begun, and therefore let no one rest on past or present achievements.

Father James Ray, of New York City, came to Long Lake Village shortly after the end of the Korean war. He repaired the war-damaged rectory. Repairs out of the way, Father Ray set about building a high school—a must because everything points to a continued increase of Christians. Some six hundred from surrounding villages are baptized each year, and four hundred infants annually leave the kingdom of the devil and join the kingdom of the Christ.

The devil is a real person to some people in Long Lake Village. A Catholic couple noticed the strange, agitated behavior of the man's sister. She had frequent dreams of a hideous face, black animal body, and cloven hoofs. Two of her sister's friends died in strange ways. She claimed they appeared to her in dreams, foretold that the devil would come to get her one day at four o'clock.

At that hour the girl's brother and his wife heard a commotion, went into the girl's room, and saw her arm being

pulled violently by an invisible force! "He is taking me away!" the girl cried. Her brother sprinkled her with holy water; the arm returned to normal position, and the girl relaxed. Only after she took instructions and received baptism, was the girl left in peace.

Father Keane, during a letup in Holy Thursday confessions, took me up Holy Mountain in midafternoon of a sunny April day. At the church level, we were fifty feet above the high school and 150 feet above the valley. Climbing another 100 feet, we came to Father Boullion's grave, which his devoted people had provided at their own expense.

A brick wall encircles the level, grassy spot that holds the grave and the stone celtic cross, on which were carved the main events of the great missionary's life. Though we stood at a grave, the past was not dead. Father Boullion still speaks from Holy Mountain to the thousands he baptized, absolved, and married. His lengthened shadow reaches a thousand times farther than the purple haze that we could see creeping down the opposite mountains and over the distant valley.

Up we climbed, through wild azaleas that clustered among the small pine trees like a mist of cerise. Two young boys in the black uniforms of students were plucking cerise blossoms and eating them as if they were candy. Here and there wild spirea lifted long, slender, white fingers. At the very top we came out on a small level spot and could see, in every direction, the curving valleys and their scattered villages.

"Beyond those mountains," said Father Keane as he pointed to the northeast, "are villages that we are only beginning to reach."



**Father James H. Ray, of New York City, pioneered Maryknoll's work in Long Lake Village. The parish there has a good case of growing pains.**

"Who put up this cross?" I asked. Twenty feet toward the cloud-flecked, blue sky, reached a cross that could be seen from ten miles across the valley.

"Father Ray put that up, for the Corpus Christi procession over this mountain. One Benediction is given from an altar set up at the foot of the cross, and the second Benediction at that level spot you see down there to the left, where a statue of Our Lady now stands."

"But how did the spot get leveled off?" I asked.

"Oh, that was the obliging work of

the Japanese, who wanted to build a pagan temple there—over the protest of Father Boullion. He told them that, if they tried it, God would punish them. Two days after they started work on the temple, lightning struck and killed two workmen. After that they decided Father Boullion was too powerful a man to contradict."

We paused a few moments more to bask in the golden sunlight. In the valley 500 feet below us, small rice paddies curved out in series to the edge of the river that ran the length of the valley. From the muddy water of the



fields, newly revived frogs sang their spring trills, so glad were they to be alive after the long winter, and so eager were they for a feast of insects. White cranes stood about like lone sentinels, waiting with dagger beaks to spear frogs.

Midway in the paddies plastic strips covered the narrow fields, where, next week, young rice plants would be a thick mat of rich green. Along the narrow dikes between the paddies, a group of Korean elder statesmen walked. They wore long white robes and black, stovepipe hats. They were returning no doubt from a pipe-smoking and wine-drinking visit in the village.

From the river's edge, rose the thump-thump-thump of women—babies on their backs—washing clothes and pounding them on rocks, while they chatted and visited.

Hard-working Koreans will appreciate the credit unions that Father Louis (a Korean priest) has just helped them form in order to save them the disastrous, ten per cent a month interest that they otherwise would have to pay for a loan.

The warm sun, the soft breeze, and the magnificent view tried hard to hold me. But I needed no urging when Father Keane asked me to take his

place as celebrant. He was to preach, and Fathers Ryan and Louis were to be deacon and subdeacon. As I knelt to prepare for Mass, the lowering sun poured through the choir-loft window, to bathe the altar in rosy gold.

It was like turning back the centuries, to witness the fervor of the 1,200 Korean men, women and children who packed the mission church. They sang the Mass with all their hearts, as they alternately knelt, stood, and squatted, in stocking feet, on the pewless wooden floor. At the sermon their attention was alert and eager.

At Communion time, nearly a thousand went to the Lord's table to be strengthened by His Body and Blood. Heaven's joy was in their radiant faces, for they worshiped the Lord of Heaven. Father Keane took the paten to assist me in giving Our Lord to His people. Father alertly pushed away, with the back of his hand, the prominent gray beards of old men and the too-forward white veils of deeply recollected women.

After Mass, heads bowed to the floor for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Then for long hours men, women, and children squatted and prayed before Our Lord, while the western breeze rippled the curtain behind the repository. ■■

**Voices from Africa!** Out of a unique meeting in Togoland — where over 300 Catholic African women from ten countries convened to discuss their role in Africa's changing society—has come a penetrating, 117-page booklet, *African Women Speak*. Archbishop John Kodwo Amissah, of Cape Coast, Ghana, described the conference as "the Christian emancipation of the African woman."

Edited by NCWC-Office of UN Affairs, and published by the Maryknoll Fathers, *African Women Speak* (\$1 a copy) is an invaluable tool for the student of world events and international affairs.



# SILENT STREETS

By Hugo M. Gerbermann, M.M.

**F**ROM SEVEN to ten at night the streets of Huehuetenango (rhymes with "way way tenango"), Guatemala, used to be a bedlam of screaming, shouting, fighting youngsters, aged six to sixteen. With a muleteer's vocabulary, they shouted insults at one another or at adults passing by. No one took notice of their aimless existence; no one seemed preoccupied over the social problem they created; no one cared that these youngsters would be the grown men, the fathers of families, the leaders of tomorrow. It was sad to see so many ragged, underfed urchins trying to forget their sad lot during a few hours of uncontrolled romping in the streets.

It used to be that way, but now the streets of Huehuetenango are silent at night. Where are all the boys? They are on the parish grounds, where Father John Gorham keeps them busy and out of trouble. It is not recommended that you visit the parish compound during those hours, for it seems to be coming apart at the seams. You might be knocked off your feet by a mob of wrestling boys.

There are some two hundred and

fifty boys. Many of them have their first pair of shoes, or a new shirt or pair of trousers, given them by their Padre Juanito. He provides boxing gloves, wrestling mats, pingpong sets, chess, checkers, jigsaw puzzles.

Among these boys walks Padre Juanito, smiling at one, encouraging another, asking a third how his mother is, scolding a fourth for using bad words, suggesting a move on the chessboard, correcting a mistake on the checkerboard, helping to fit a piece in a jigsaw puzzle, pulling a boy's ear for misbehaving. And when he sees that they are tired out, he sends them home, knowing that they will go to bed.

But this is not Father Gorham's greatest work with the Huehuetenango boys. That consists in a well-controlled, doctrinal organization — doctrine classes, preparation for First Communion, confession on Saturdays, a special boys' Mass on Sundays and first Fridays. Then there are the Knights of the Altar and the boys' choir, which young men are allowed to join as a reward for improving themselves. Huehuetenango's streets have become silent streets. ■■

# eager students

*Competition is fierce.  
No sacrifice is too big  
to lay before their  
enshrined love of learning.*

By Henry J. Madigan, M.M.

THE TAIPEI newspaper, here on Formosa, carried an item this morning about a young man who killed himself by too much study. Formosan youngsters appreciate an opportunity to learn. Two fifths of the population of ten million are school students. Each youngster must struggle for a place in overcrowded schools.

No sacrifice of time or effort is too great for either the student or for his parents. In a small home, I have seen a father sitting by the family blackboard while his grammar-school student stood and wrote out lessons. Any hesitancy or mistakes, and the boy got a gentle slap from his father, to remind him to do better. The father could have been out to the movies, but he was at his son's side helping him study. The scene was reminiscent of "reading, writing, arithmetic, taught to the tune of a hickory stick."

A Formosan child's progress in



school is as important a family matter as is next month's rent. I met a father who was sad because his son is poor in one subject. This wasn't a question of pride. It was an impulse that has quickened the lives of Chinese for over two thousand years. Every family must have at least one child who has received an education.

When a boy is ready to enter high school, the whole family discusses his education. If he shows promise, his brothers and sisters will volunteer their earnings for month after month and year after year, to subsidize his education. In Taiwan a whole semester's training may cost less than thirty American dollars. But this can be an insurmountable obstacle.

A student's parents will eat noodles, when rice money is needed to buy books or pay tuition.

Entrance examinations for higher schooling load burdens on a student.

He knows that only one out of every three will be admitted. And he must not fail his parents. He studies all day long. Nights he hunches over a small table for hours, working problems in mathematics, absorbing historical facts, reciting English. The parents who have not had much education cannot help. But parents show interest and encouragement with a cup of hot tea or some fruit placed before the student.

At last the day of the entrance exams dawns. Teachers who give them have been locked in school for the past week, as if they were a jury. Each candidate carries into the room not only his trepidation, but also the sacrifices and the prestige of the family.

The results of these exams get press coverage like that of any national athletic contest. Sometimes the results are broadcast at midnight. Families of the winners rejoice. Neighbors call to congratulate the successful student. The teacher makes the rounds of his students' homes, and says, "*Kung Hi!*" ("Congratulations!") As Confucius said, "The glory of the student reflects the glory of his teacher."

I've visited such a home the next day and have seen smiles everywhere. Days of hunger and nights of worry were then wounds of honor. Their son had proved himself a scholar. They stood around a newspaper, looking at their scholar's name circled in red.

Who of us has not some academic skeleton buried in the closet. Why wouldn't the struggles and application of these youngsters strongly affect us?

Formosan graduates are the best young minds in ten million. American Catholic colleges should be honored to help receive the fruits of this competition—among the best in Asia. ■■





# Jungle across the tracks

*In a region long neglected,  
children are leading the way  
in building a new life.*

By Jerome P. Garvey, M.M.

**N**OT all jungles are in deepest Africa. Ours is of the kind said to exist in many slum areas of cities throughout the world. It is known as the Barrio Zanartu, one of five distinct sectors into which our parish in Renaico, Chile, is divided.

Our jungle is literally on the other side of the tracks. To get there by motorcycle, we have to dismount, carry the machine across the tracks, and pass it through a barrier making a dead-end of the street. We are immediately in an area where, for three blocks, every other house is a *cantina* (saloon), legal or otherwise.

From early morning until night, the flow of doctored wine continues uninterrupted. Along this street pass most of the children who go to schools near the center of town.

To reach our chapel, at the far end of the barrio, we run the gantlet of greetings and taunts on every side. True, there are various ways of reaching the chapel. We take different routes regularly, to make ourselves seen and known by all residents.

This has been paying off in the matter of sick calls. Often a stranger stops us on the street, or comes to the rectory to ask us to visit a sick person. Generally patients are pretty far gone by the time the priest is called, but at least they have the consolation of the Last Sacraments.

The chapel itself is a small, wooden

MARYKNOLL

building with a leaky, tin roof; but it provides a shelter where Mass may be offered and devotions conducted with some signs of respect. Bit by bit, we are improving it, and we look forward to the day when it will be too small for local parishioners.

At present we are concentrating our efforts on the area closest to the chapel. Last October we put two catechists to work, four days a week. They started by visiting homes and inviting parents to send their children for preparation for First Communion and the Sacrament of Confirmation.

In a matter of days, we had signed up eighty-seven boys and girls. Fifteen were prepared for confirmation. We brought them to the parish church one Saturday afternoon, when the bishop was confirming here. There were also two adults in the group.

Most of the children had not received the sacraments since making their First Communion two or three years earlier. We had suggested that their sponsors receive the sacraments, too, and it was consoling to find a majority of sponsors waiting to go to confession the evening before the confirmation ceremony. On Sunday, they received Communion with the children. This is by no means a common sight in Zanartu, where we have had to omit Mass at times because only three or four persons were on hand.

Of the seventy-two children left for First Communion, thirty-nine made the grade after two months of preparation. They received our Divine Lord on December 8. Only four of them were in a position to supply their own clothes for the event; but we were able to borrow dresses and veils for the girls, trousers and white shirts for the boys,

from the school. What a striking difference in their appearance could be seen that day!

Two Maryknoll Sisters and a group of Catholic Action girls from the parish came to sing the Mass and serve a special breakfast—highlighted by chocolate and cookies. Our visitors added a special touch that was deeply appreciated by the children themselves, who told us afterwards, “*Chita*, Padre, even the Madres came to see us.”

Besides the thirty-nine first communicants, there were sixty-three others who received the sacraments that day. A number were parents of our boys and girls, who joined their children at the altar.

The children are not angels, by any means—far from it. Most of them sell flowers at the entrance to the cemetery, and they spend their time fighting and insulting people who don't buy from them.

Olimpia, a girl of twelve, was perhaps the most disorderly of the group, but she seemed to change overnight. A few days after receiving her First Communion, she was insulted by another girl, who called her the biggest sinner in the barrio.

Olimpia quietly answered, “Maybe I used to be, but I'm not now.”

And she has lived up to that. After Saturday catechism, she is one of the first to ask us to hear confessions so that she can receive Communion at Sunday Mass.

Thus we see stirrings in our jungle. The grace of God is working slowly but steadily, in the hearts of these people. What now is a somewhat arid field will some day, as a result of that same grace, bloom vigorously in generous response to the call of Christ. ■■

*God's finest gift to youth is vision. Because your generosity helped our ordinandi of 1961 reach the priesthood, you have a share in their vision and in the fulfillment of their dreams.*

## What I Hope to Do!



**Fr. Gregory A. Roberts** of Bonne Terre, Mo. —

*"I hope to teach my pagan brothers the news of our salvation through Christ—of the divine union we can now share with Him as members of His Church while awaiting His call to complete union in heaven."*

**Fr. Edward J. Whelan** of Chicago, Ill. —

*"Just as missionaries like Saint Isaac Jogues, Father DeSmet, Mother Cabrini, and others brought the Faith to our land, so I desire to take the love of God to people of other lands, who do not know Him."*



**Fr. Daniel E. Charboneau** of Detroit, Mich. —

*"First, I hope to share my priesthood, which has been given me through the Church; secondly, to urge my people to strive for a betterment of their own lives and the lives of their fellow men."*



**Fr. Peter Shu-ping Wu** of Newark, N. J. —

*"I want to teach the people in mission lands that God loves them, and that God wants their love in return. And that nothing else really matters."*



**Fr. James A. Fortune** of Methuen, Mass. —

*"I hope to go to the missions as a servant of poverty, disease, and oppression. The least of Christ's brethren are my brethren also."*





**Fr. Daniel F. McLaughlin of Somerville, Mass. —**

*"Christ entered human history to establish a kingdom through which all are to be saved. As an instrument of the Church, I want to bring to people this good news—Christ's love for all."*



**Fr. William T. O'Leary of West Orange, N. J. —**

*"As a Maryknoll missionary, I hope to live the Gospel I preach; to be completely at the service of the people I have the honor of serving; to make up by kindness what I lack in talent."*



**Fr. John J. Walsh of Bronx, N. Y. —**

*"I hope to do what every foreign missionary in the annals of Christendom has set out to achieve: bring God to men, and men to God."*



**Fr. Robert W. Vujs of Newington, Conn. —**

*"As Saint Paul labored to make the Gentiles an offering acceptable to God, a people sanctified, so also I hope the Holy Spirit will use me as an instrument of charity among those who know Him not."*



**Fr. Kevin A. Lynch of Bronx, N. Y. —**

*"Ever since grammar school days I have been deeply impressed by the devoted lives of Sisters, Brothers, and priests. Their good example has inspired me to achieve the priesthood. I hope to inspire others."*



**Fr. Frederick J. Krampert of Queens Village, N. Y. —**

*"Every boy awaits manhood; some, even priesthood. God grant that, as a Maryknoll priest and missionary, I shall be a complete man, and 'another Christ' to my fellow men, particularly the most destitute."*



**Fr. Richard S. Czajkowski of Bronx, N. Y. —**

*"To live for the people to whom I am sent, and work among them as 'another Christ,' doing good and working to build up God's Church, bringing God to them and them to God—is my hope."*



**Fr. Francis E. Elsinger of Dell Rapids, S. D. —**

*"Christ living in His Church, is the key to my mission vocation. Once I experienced the Church, I knew I should have to spend my life taking the Church to the millions who do not know us."*



**Fr. Robert F. Crawford of Drexel Hill, Pa. —**

*"The first thing I expect to do is to obey my superior and go where he sends me. What do I hope to accomplish on the missions? Again—obey the will of God through the mandates of my superior."*



**Fr. Charles J. Gyurko of Riverdale, Ill. —**

*"I hope my hands will be His hands, to bless and consecrate; my eyes His eyes, to have compassion upon the multitude; my heart His heart, to know and understand the hearts of my people."*



**Fr. Arthur J. Murphy of Chicago, Ill. —**

*"Because God 'hath first loved us,' we have life everlasting. We are members of Christ. As a priest-member of the Mystical Body, I intend to help people in foreign lands achieve their spiritual destiny."*



**Fr. Joseph H. Davis of Williamsville, N. Y. —**

*"To proclaim among the nations the good news of the unfathomable riches of Christ': this is how I hope to spend my career as a Maryknoll missionary."*





**Fr. Daniel A. McGrew of Racine, Wis. —**

*"I hope that in some small way I can alleviate material and spiritual poverty of two thirds of mankind, through Christian social action and the sacraments of the Church."*



**Fr. Joseph W. Kowalczyk of Schenectady, N. Y. —**

*"As a Maryknoll priest, I want to add my voice and all my abilities to the universal mission of the Church, especially in regions moving relentlessly toward Marxist ideology."*



**Fr. Patrick J. Griffin of Bronx, N. Y. —**

*"Maryknoll aims to establish the Church in foreign lands and to make this world a better place for mankind. I hope, as a missionary, to identify myself with this effort, regardless of the sacrifice."*



**Fr. John J. Murphy of Dorchester, Mass. —**

*"As a Maryknoller, I wish to share the great gift of Faith that God has granted to me, by preaching the joys and benefits of this wonderful gift."*



**Fr. Arthur G. Melville of Newton, Mass. —**

*"With God's grace, I hope to bring Christ and His Church to the workers—the masses of humanity who have never heard that salvation is their heritage."*



**Fr. Robert H. Strotman of Cincinnati, Ohio —**

*"In mission lands, where the forces of evil are threatening to enslave millions of people, I want to present convincingly and attractively the dogmatic, moral, and social teaching of Jesus Christ."*



**Fr. Robert L. Depinet of Tiffin, Ohio —**

*"I hope to become a willing and effective instrument in carrying the knowledge and love of Christ the King, to all people to whom I am sent as the representative of the Church."*



**Fr. Joseph P. Dooley of Pearl River, N. Y. —**

*"It is hard to believe that in this, our twentieth century, there are still millions of men, women, and children who have never heard that Christ was born. I hope to communicate that message."*



**Fr. F. Miguel d'Escoto of Managua, Nicaragua—**

*"Besides transmitting the basic Gospel message of salvation, I should like to form good, solid, Christian families in mission lands, so that God may bless them with vocations to the priesthood."*



**Fr. Anthony V. Brennan of Brooklyn, N. Y. —**

*"The world is full of men. I hope to make many of them (or even one) aware of Christ's kingdom upon earth, and Christ's kingdom hereafter."*



**Fr. Edward V. Davis of Brooklyn, N. Y. —**

*"I hope, as a Maryknoll missionary, to be used in the great plan of God to bring salvation through faith in Christ to a people who do not know Him."*



**Fr. Michael F. Thompson of Holyoke, Mass. —**

*"I want to participate in the struggle that confronts every baptized Catholic, by giving the love of Christ to all persons with whom I come in contact."*

**Fr. James J. McFadden of Philadelphia, Pa. —**

*"Wherever I work as a missionary, I should like to bring understanding, compassion, and knowledge, along with the saving message of the Gospel, to the many less fortunate than I."*



**Fr. Ronald J. Potter of Brooklyn, N. Y. —**

*"What I hope to do is to tell my parishioners of the many manifestations of God's love for them, so that they may be capable of returning that love."*



**Fr. James N. Pfeffer of Detroit, Mich. —**

*"I hope to walk with giants like Saint Paul and Saint Francis Xavier. (Frankly, the thought of this frightens me: a child to do the work of men?) Yet, because God calls me, He will be my height and strength."*



**Fr. James R. Roy of Winslow, Maine —**

*"Since I cannot forget the spirit of my own parish priests, I will try to take that same spirit of generosity—the spirit of Christ—to the people I am destined to serve."*



**Fr. Patrick J. Riley of Youngstown, Ohio —**

*"To preach God to all men, is the command of Christ. To further this end by my foreign-mission priesthood is my ideal and my greatest desire."*



**Fr. James E. Boyle of Philadelphia, Pa. —**

*"I hope to be part of the road that will lead people to Christ. And if, as Bishop Francis X. Ford once said, I am ground underfoot and worn out, at least I shall have served Christ in some small way."*

One of a series



## Your Man on the Spot—in Tanganyika!

He could be your son, your nephew, grandson and even a friend. He *is* a Maryknoll priest stationed in Africa's wilds, working relentlessly for the salvation of souls among the many tribes of Tanganyika.

Here at home, a meal costs about one dollar. For this amount, you can feed a Maryknoller on the missions for *one entire day*. As his "silent partner" you will share in his prayers, his Masses, and his rewards—on earth and in heaven. Why not think of him as a son, or a nephew, or a grandson, who *needs* you? Won't you provide for him every day of the month, or perhaps 20, or 10 days?

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### **The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York**

6-61

**Dear Fathers:**

I'd like to sponsor a Maryknoll priest for (30), (20), (10) days a month (check one), at a dollar a day. Please send me a monthly reminder and a mission newsletter.

My Name . . . . .

My Address . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .

*Her welcoming committee was  
left waiting at the church—  
for one missing Monsignor!*

# **The Queen Comes to Bamboo Village**

**W**HEN Father John P. McKernan was packing for his trip to the Maryknoll Vicariate of Taichung, on Taiwan, his parents presented him with a noble, everlasting gift—a beautiful, all-weather statue of Mary, the Immaculate Mother of God. Molded of marble dust and lacquered, it is as beautiful as pure white, Carrara marble.

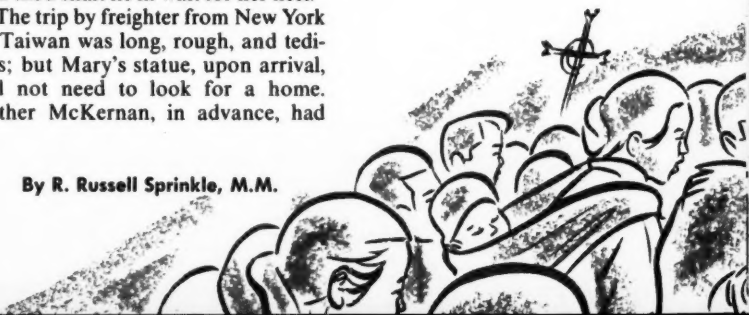
Even little children wonderingly gaze at the benign face and lift their arms towards Mary's outstretched hands. They know they need not fear the ugly serpent writhing beneath Mary's feet, for one heel is firmly planted upon its head. The statue suggests the words of God to the devil after the fall of our first parents: "She shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

The trip by freighter from New York to Taiwan was long, rough, and tedious; but Mary's statue, upon arrival, did not need to look for a home. Father McKernan, in advance, had

advised the native Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in Chu Shan (Bamboo Mountain), of the imminent arrival. The Sisters had vacated an ancient, worm-eaten, bamboo shack and taken up residence in a new convent built by Father James V. Buttino, the pastor. In front of the convent, in the center of a flower bed, a permanent, stone throne had been provided.

However, when our Blessed Mother's image was gently lifted out of the heavy packing case, the lifters discovered that one of the delicate hands had been snapped off. The Sisters almost cried, but Father Buttino assured them there was no need to worry. →

**By R. Russell Sprinkle, M.M.**



A master craftsman from a local stone-carving firm was consulted. With the skill of a surgeon, and fine, hard tools not unlike those used by a dentist, he drilled a number of holes in the statue and the broken hand. The two pieces were then aligned, cemented, and lacquered, so perfectly that no one can even detect the exact location of the break.

The day scheduled for the blessing finally arrived. It was to be a gala occasion: first Communions, Confirmation, and a welcome for Mary's statue by the whole parish. Even the heavens seemed glad, as a feared typhoon passed quickly by.

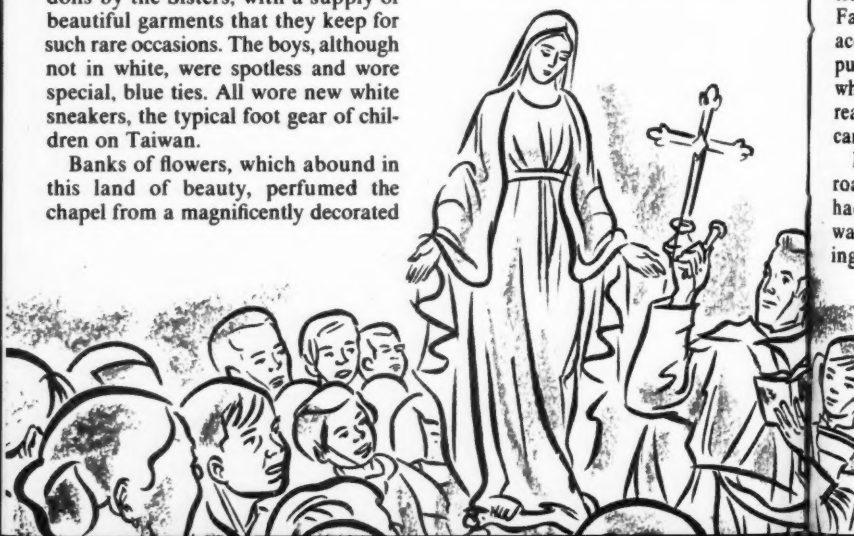
Chu Shan Catholics from near and far, including some who had to wade across swollen rivers and walk on washed-out roads for hours, were present. The little girls who were to receive their first Communion, or to be confirmed, had been transformed into dolls by the Sisters, with a supply of beautiful garments that they keep for such rare occasions. The boys, although not in white, were spotless and wore special, blue ties. All wore new white sneakers, the typical foot gear of children on Taiwan.

Banks of flowers, which abound in this land of beauty, perfumed the chapel from a magnificently decorated

altar. Father Buttino was a little worried, lest the people and children come late for the ceremonies. But for a change, all were on time—even those who had had to be on the road at dawn.

Monsignor William F. Kupfer was supposed to start Mass at nine. A few people had wisely eaten breakfast at six o'clock; some others took a glass of milk before eight o'clock; but many had decided to fast. Just before nine, strings of firecrackers were readied, and all the parishioners lined up to welcome Monsignor Kupfer.

They waited and waited. Gradually, one by one, they drifted out of the hot sun into the cool chapel, or under the spreading limbs of a giant dragon tree. The dressed-up communicants did not dare to romp and play, as the other youngsters were gleefully doing in the big, grassy yard. The oldsters stood around, discussing the year's rice crop.





A telephone call to Taichung assured all that Monsignor Kupfer had left before eight o'clock. A check at the station confirmed the report that communications across the big suspension bridge, through the tunnel on the other side, and all the way to Taichung were open. There had been ample time to reach Chu Shan from the city, over the fifty-mile, paved road, at normal driving speed.

Accident! That fearsome word began to be heard. Father Buttino naturally was concerned when the clock's hands swung past ten. Father Richard M. Devoe, the curate, decided to go on his motorcycle to investigate.

The congregation waited patiently. Babies cried a little; youngsters fretted; but no adults spoke of breaking their fast. Not a few began to drop into the chapel to pray. Some said the Rosary. Others merely sat silently in the presence of Our Lord.

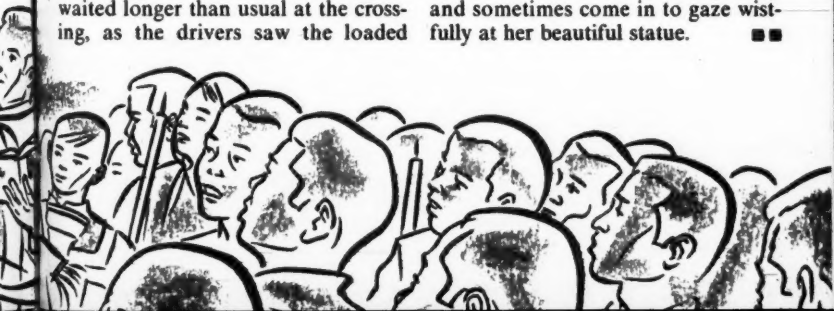
Five miles north, across the suspension bridge and through the tunnel, Father Devoe found the results of an accident. A big, diesel-powered truck pulling a twelve-wheel, flat-top trailer, which was loaded, had sideswiped the rear of Monsignor Kupfer's borrowed car.

Earlier a bus had stopped at a railroad crossing, and Monsignor's car had stopped behind it. Both vehicles waited longer than usual at the crossing, as the drivers saw the loaded

trailer-truck lumbering, almost too fast, down the long, curved grade on the other side. The rear corner of the trailer, weaving slightly, barely missed the bus. It clipped the fender of Monsignor's car, and ripped off the tail-lights. Because police investigation and photographs were still required, Father Devoe returned home to report. The whole congregation said the Rosary in thanksgiving for God's watchfulness and protection.

Monsignor Kupfer started Mass just after the *Angelus* sounded at noon. The parishioners had waited—and fasted. They jammed every pew, filled the aisles, and overflowed into the yard; for Chu Shan's chapel was constructed for a congregation of only 150. Although it was doubled in size later, there now are almost a thousand Catholics in the area, and several hundred persons are preparing for baptism. A great many were present for the blessing of Our Lady's statue.

Night and day, from the high throne before the convent, the statue seems to gaze upon the city of Chu Shan and the surrounding, bamboo-covered mountains. Surely, our Blessed Mother, from her queenly throne in heaven, sees how many local children, precious pearls of her Divine Son, Jesus Christ, crowd into the chapel every Sunday. So, also, she must see all who pass by and sometimes come in to gaze wistfully at her beautiful statue. ■■



## Challenge to American Youth

By Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

**O**N THESE PAGES several months ago, the point was made that the mission of Christ was the salvation of the world, and that at His death Christ willed this mission to the members of His Church. The conclusion drawn was that the basic and essential vocation of every Catholic is a continuation of that mission of Christ; namely the salvation of all mankind.

This present editorial concerns itself with a direct and active participation in that mission. We wish to challenge every Catholic young man and woman to consider his or her own personal involvement in carrying out the mission of Christ as a priest, Brother, Sister, or lay missionary. We challenge Catholic American youth to take Christ at His own word and to go the whole way with Him.

We do not offer you an easy life, but only a satisfying one. We do not offer a romantic life, but one of eternal accomplishment. We do not offer a life of material rewards, but one that will give spiritual riches. We do not offer a life spent in the company of family and friends, but one that is lived among strange people, many of whom are hostile.

The challenge that we present to American youth is not our own challenge. It is not the challenge of an organization whose only business is

foreign missions. It is the challenge of Christ Himself, the challenge that was spoken to a rich young man on a hillside in Palestine, a challenge that has rung down through the ages since.

The challenge can be rejected as the rich young man rejected it. God never crowds our freedom. The important thing is that in the stillness of our hearts we hear Christ's challenge, that we weigh it in our minds, and that we make a reply to Christ.

THIS MONTH at Maryknoll, thirty-five young men will step forward to be ordained priests and missionaries—thirty-five who have responded to the challenge of Christ. This is indeed a small number when it is placed against the almost two billion people who await the unknown glad tidings of salvation for which Christ came, lived, and died.

Does the materialism of twentieth-century life stifle the challenge? Do the daily distractions of modern living mute the voice of Christ so that the challenge goes unheard? Or is it that leaving the ease and comforts of American life is too great a sacrifice for youth to make? I don't think so.

Youth is a time for idealism. Youth is a period when sacrifice can come easily. The answer would seem to lie in the fact that our youth by and large do not realize that Christ is making

this challenge to each one of them. They do not have the conviction that as a Christian and a Catholic each must make a personal answer. Too many give the impression that Christ is speaking not to them but to the other fellow.

No man can escape his obligation to his fellow man. He can run away from it, he can even refuse to admit it exists, but this does not lessen the obligation—it is still there. In the baptismal ritual, we were pledged to love of our neighbor. Love shows itself in service, and what higher service can a person give to his neighbor than to give him Christ and love of the True God.

Too many of our Catholic people impart the impression that the Church is on the defensive. The Catholic Church is not a defensive Church. It is a marching Church. It gives us the answer to the needs of men, to the problems of the world. The answer is in the teachings of Christ. All we have to do is to transmit them to mankind. We do not create anything new. We do only the job God expects us to do fulfilling our inheritance in the mission of Christ.

THIS IS NOT a time for merely contemplating the heritage Christ left us. It is not a time to be faint and weak hearted. This is an hour for action, the moment for a crusade on the part of our young people, a crusade that will give to all men what rightfully belongs to them. In the doctrine of Christ we have the answer to all the problems of the world. But more people are talking than doing. The time has come to stop talking and start doing.

This is the challenge our youth is called upon to meet. It is a challenge

that affects you and me—not the other fellow. The practical question is what are you as an individual going to do about extending the mission of Christ? Are you as an individual going to accept the challenge of Christ, or are you as an individual going to decline the challenge of Christ, or are you as an individual going to close your ears to His voice and refuse even to admit that He is speaking to you? Your answer must be one of these three. But which will you make?

American Catholic youth, live your Christian heritage! Listen to the voice of Christ speaking down the ages to you and you alone: "Go into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." How will you answer?

#### MR. MOTO SAYS:



"You only know how much you owe your parents when you have a child of your own."

# Come and Welcome!



The trained Sister-teacher can open up a brave new world of Christian truth and goodness and wisdom to the longing heart of this child.

Maryknoll Sisters are eager to serve God's little ones by their world-wide work. Your support will give Sisters the training they need.

---

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.**

Here's \$..... to help train your Sisters for their mission work.

Name.....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

I will send \$..... a month as long  
as I can. I realize I can stop at any time.

By Sister Talitha

*Mrs. Yamata served tea  
as if she were a princess  
in a grand palace.*

## TEA VISITORS

**M**RS. SAKI Yamata hurried home. Tomorrow was her first day free from work in three weeks. How wonderful that it should also happen to be the day the foreign Sister came to the village. Mrs. Yamata would invite the Sister to her house and discuss the matter. There was much to do.

Mrs. Yamata's children greeted her joyfully. They were looking forward to the free day, she thought, and I'll have to disappoint them. Her sharp eyes took in each one of them. All were well. Such good children and I have so little time for them. They counted so much on the free day—well! Mrs. Yamata sighed. Then she explained her plans to them.

They were disappointed. The little ones couldn't hide it. Ako, her eldest, offered at once to help with the preparations. A good girl, Mrs. Yamata thought, but growing fast and getting very skinny. Thank goodness for the money the foreign Father gave the family. Without it they would surely starve. Mrs. Yamata felt anxious for



a minute! Would he think they were inquiring only because of money?

Maryknoll's Father Alfred Smith had helped the war widows at Okita village—an outstation of Hokkaido—for many years. He longed to give them doctrine instructions. They were good, hard-working women and would be fine Christians. But the money angle made it difficult. If he asked them to study the doctrine, they would certainly agree. He would never know whether it was real interest on their part, or

simply Japanese courtesy. He and the Maryknoll Sisters had talked this problem over often.

The Sisters had been in Hokkaido a year. Their little two-Sister convent was the northernmost of the Maryknoll Sisters' world-wide missions.

One morning, soon after they had arrived, Father Smith took them to a Catholic family nearby. First he led them all unsuspecting up a very dull, bare little hill in front of the church.

When they reached the top, Father Smith said, "Now take a look."

The sight was breath-taking. The Pacific Ocean lay at their feet. In one direction they could see as far as the town of Hakodate, a five-hour trip by train. Several miniature peninsulas jutted into the water, each with its own inlet. On the other side was the port of Muroran, lined with freighters.

Every Sunday morning Sister Hostia hurried to Okita, for the weekly catechism class for the children. Some of the children of war widows came, but not if it was a mother's day off. That happy day came around seldom enough, and the time spent together was a simple and well-earned joy. However, there were quite a few other young ones preparing for baptism—a good-sized class, bright and eager.

As Sister Hostia reached the schoolroom one particular Sunday, a Japanese woman approached her and bowed courteously.

"Good morning, Sister."

"Good morning," Sister replied.

"I am Mrs. Saki Yamata," the woman went on.

Sister silently gave thanks that the people of Hokkaido were not so concerned with the long formalities of introductions as were their southern

countrymen. What was Mrs. Yamata saying? She asked if Sister would honor her by coming to her house for tea after the class.

"Why, what a kindness. Thank you very much. I shall be delighted," Sister Hostia replied.

They bowed to each other, and Sister went into the school.

Mrs. Yamata was waiting when she came out. It was a short walk to the little house. A war-widow home, the Sister realized, when she saw the tiny quarters. Perhaps the widow was planning a thank you for Father Smith and needed advice. They went in. The house was poor and bare, but clean.

Mrs. Yamata served tea as if she were a princess in a palace. The two enjoyed a pleasant talk about the weather and the children. But her hostess wouldn't take long in coming to the point, the Sister thought. Then she laughed at herself for still being such a westerner. But it was Sunday—a very busy day in the missions.

Mrs. Yamata bowed from her place at Sister Hostia's side.

"Sister," she said. "I have a great favor to ask. I speak not only for myself but for several others of the village, widows like me. We cannot ask the Father this favor, because we owe him very much. But perhaps, since you come here every week, it would not be too great an inconvenience for you. It would have to be in the evening, though, because we work almost every day."

Sister wondered what they needed. "What would you like me to do?" she asked. "I'll do whatever I can."

"Sister," Mrs. Yamata replied, "we ask you to please come and teach us the doctrine."

■ ■

# Father Le Febvre and the Brick-making Machine

## **Problem:**

*How to construct a new church for his 20,000 parishioners with a \$1,000 donation from his home town.*

## **Solution:**

*It didn't take Father Le Febvre long to spend the money wisely. He purchased a brick-making machine and voila, bricks galore!*



In a small East African village near famed Lake Victoria, a brick-making machine no larger than a bathtub is turning out hundreds of bricks every day. Today another new church adorns the skyline in Christ the King parish in Tanganyika, thanks to a home-town donation and a brick-making machine.

This twenty-eight-year-old missionary from New Britain, Conn., is now planning a school and a boys' club with the help of local parishioners and his machine. Another problem solved by one of the many young men serving God on the missions.  
How about YOU?

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6-61

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In the hold of the junk in which it escaped from Hong Kong, a Catholic family kneels in evening prayer. The family supports itself by fishing.

## Refugee Capital of the World

**N**O ONE knows the exact number of refugees who have streamed into the British colony of Hong Kong since the Communists took over China. Estimates vary between a million and two million. And the influx is far from ended. Each day more refugees slip across the Red Chinese border or are smuggled into Hong Kong aboard fishing junks, at the risk of their lives.

Few of the refugees bring more than the clothes they wear. They settle in crude hillside huts, made of scrap. The British no sooner clear one section of refugee shacks and build emergency housing than a new eyesore springs up. The refugees give the lie to Red claims that all is well inside China, for they prefer grinding poverty to slavery.

**(Left)** His parents fled the Reds, but he was born in Hong Kong's freedom.



**Low-cost** housing units developed for the refugees by Maryknoll missionaries.

**M**ARYKNOLLERS were among the very first to go to the assistance of the refugees. The Maryknollers set up headquarters in abandoned barracks and rented shops in four refugee areas. Now after a decade among the refugees, they can show permanent centers, schools, clinics, cooperatives, and thriving parishes.

Low-cost housing (\$200 a unit) developed by Maryknollers covers the

steep Hong Kong hillsides. A weaving school, cooperatives, factories that turn American surplus foods into Chinese noodles—all these are some of the projects begun by Maryknoll missionaries to aid the poor refugees of Hong Kong. The record written in Hong Kong is one in which all Americans can take pride. It is a positive demonstration for all to see of the true charity of Christ. ■■

**Father Cyril V. Hirst** is head of one of the largest refugee schools built.



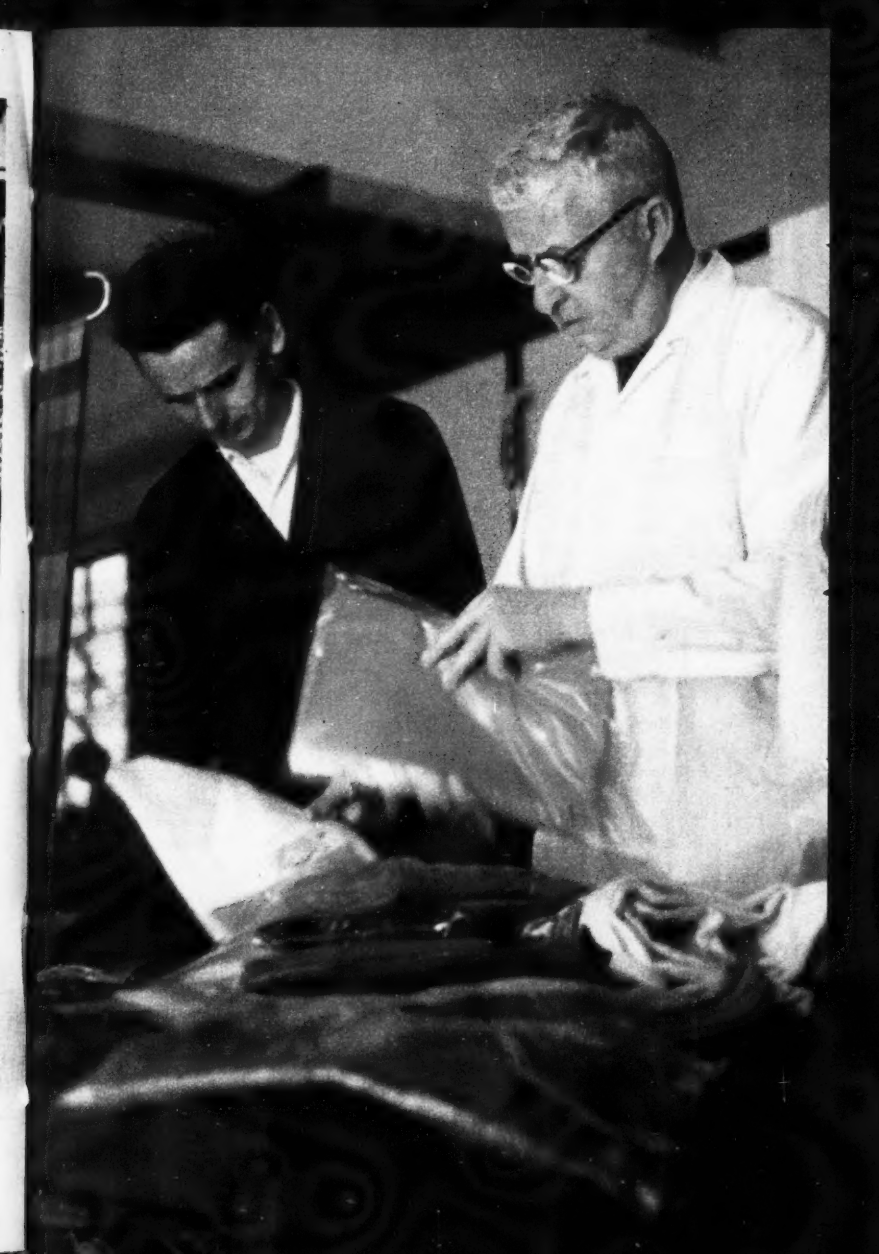
**Smiling faces** and simple joys mark these children of Hong Kong refugees.





**The refugees set themselves up in small sidewalk businesses. Father Peter Reilly, of Roxbury, Mass., refugee pastor, makes his daily parish rounds.**

**Founder of a weaving school and cooperative, Father Arthur Dempsey, of Peekskill, N. Y., checks work with Bay Stater Brother Gonzaga O'Connor.**





# Teachers in the Barrio

By Richard F. Higgins, M.M.

*Never underestimate the power or ability of dedicated women.*

**T**RADITIONALLY, whenever a group of priests gathered to discuss problems confronting the work of the Church in the Philippine Islands, the difficulty of reaching barrio (village) people was one of the main topics. No satisfactory program of instructions could be provided for the vastly dispersed Filipinos, because of the scarcity of priests.

Within recent years, however, one solution has been discovered. Today many barrio people in Cotabato Province are receiving adequate Christian instruction, thanks to a group of dedicated women. Someday, perhaps, all the people of the Philippines may benefit from the work of the newly founded Oblates of Notre Dame.

Closely connected with the miracle

of grace that has visited the Philippines is Miss Maria-Estrella Adre, the first superior of the Oblates. A graduate of St. Paul's College in Leyte and also the University of San Carlos in Cebu City, she worked for many years as a schoolteacher.

"She's a little, five-foot-two stick of dynamite," says Father George Dion, an O.M.I. (Oblates of Mary Immaculate) priest from Rhode Island, when asked to describe Miss Adre.

Maria's birthplace is Palo, on Leyte Island, a seashore town that witnessed the landing of American soldiers in October of 1944. As a teacher, Maria used all her earnings to help her brother through the seminary. While carrying out her daily routine of preparing lessons in English, mathematics,



*They welcome impossible tasks.*

and history, she could not have had a thought of the great role that God intended her to play in bringing His message to the Filipino people.

Schoolteachers were badly needed in the Sulu Islands, the southernmost group of the Philippines. Father Dion had labored for sixteen years in that section, which is predominantly Moslem. Because of great cultural differences between Filipino and Moro, it was difficult for the dedicated Oblate priest to staff his Notre Dame High School.

But the courageous heart of Miss Adre responded. She left her native Leyte, to teach in a school located on an island fifty miles from nowhere. The people there had no Christianity, no social life, even no electricity.

Maria and another teacher, Miss Quijano, lived almost as hermits. They made private vows of chastity and tried to live as nuns.

Working in Father Dion's clinic provided one of the pleasant diversions from their regular teaching duties. Another came as their pastor said Mass each day. The two young women answered the Latin responses, since there were no other Christians in the entire area. "The only 'altar girls' in the Catholic Church," is Father Dion's favorite description of his two invaluable helpers when he recalls his days in the Sulu Islands.

After sixteen years there, Father Dion was assigned to Cotabato City, to begin work on a radio station. In that new position, the urgent need of supplying the barrio people with the Christian message was ever uppermost in his mind.

Five years ago, Bishop Gerard Mongeau, O.M.I., and Father Dion talked over the possibility of beginning a secular institute for devoted women who would prepare the barrio people for Christian life. The zealous French-Canadian bishop was mindful of the appeal of Pius XII to "penetrate all strata of life with a new and modern apostolate."

Plans were drawn up by Father Dion, and approved. The Oblates of Notre Dame were born! But they needed a superior. Which name came first to the mind of Father Dion? That of Miss Maria-Estrella Adre! Soon afterwards a boat sailed from the Sulu Islands, carrying Miss Adre and Miss Quijano to Cotabato City. The new group had its first Mother Superior.

The Oblates of Notre Dame are not a religious order. They are a secular institute. The title of "Miss" is retained—even though most people call them "Sisters."

A postulancy of six months is followed by a novitiate of one year, before the candidates take the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The vows are to be renewed each year. The Oblates do not wear heavy habits, nor are their heads covered with veils. Their uniform is a blouse of oxford white and a gray skirt. The blouse has a tailored collar, short sleeves for work, or long sleeves for formal occasions.

The Oblates set aside time each day for Mass, meditation, Rosary, spiritual reading, and a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Attendance is allowed at wedding parties, baptisms, sodality picnics, and the like. Periodic vacations are granted for visits at home for two weeks. An Oblate may also attend the burial of a member of her immediate family.

Upon completion of the novitiate, the Oblates may be assigned in pairs to a parish. The priest must provide suitable living quarters for them. They cook their own meals and do all the housework themselves.

Though they will undertake any apostolic work in a parish, the Oblates have been most efficient in barrio work. Deprivation of the sacraments, for several days at a time, makes this work most difficult for those devout young women. Usually a priest in the Philippines cannot visit each barrio more than once a month. The Oblates play their important teaching role in between such visits.

Father Pascal Smith, C.P., provides an enthusiastic endorsement for the

Oblates. One of his remote barrios had given him many headaches, but even more heartaches. Each month's visit would bring only the same, small handful of Catholics to Mass and the sacraments. In near desperation, Father Pascal sent two Oblates to the barrio, a month ahead of his next visit. They found a vacated nipa hut and set up housekeeping.

The next morning, bright and early, the "Misses" toured the village. Day after day, week after week, they visited homes and talked with the people, children and adults alike. When Father Pascal arrived for his monthly visit, he found over fifty children prepared for their first Holy Communion, many marriages ready for validation, a long line of people for confessions, and an overflowing crowd for Mass in the barrio's tiny chapel.

As of now, there are thirty-six Oblates of Notre Dame. Their number is still small, but the Institute is only a few years old. Letters seeking detailed information are pouring into Father Dion's office from all over the Philippine Islands. Many generous Filipina girls are packing their grips and traveling to Cotabato, to begin postulancy with the Oblates. Many more, thinking of taking the same step, are asking God for guidance.

Today, Miss Adre is still the superior of the Oblates. In addition, she is assistant manager of the Cotabato radio station, bookkeeper for the institute, and teacher of catechism in the Cotabato public school. She also trains other catechists. Missioners hope that, in the years to come, many young women will follow in Miss Adre's steps, to prepare the way for Christ in the barrios of the Philippines. ■ ■





# SNAIL FEVER

By John A. Rich, M.M.

*Why did the missionary  
delay a clear duty  
to follow a vague hunch?*

**L**ATE one morning, my sacristan and I were coming back from a fiesta in Candalid, on Davao, one of the southern Philippine Islands. I thought it would be a good idea to stop at the schools along the way and visit teachers and students.

We employ a person to teach catechism in almost every school. That is quite an expense, but important young people are at stake. Each visit helps me get acquainted with the teachers, and the children get used to seeing a priest more than once a year—usually at fiesta time.

As we entered the barrio of Union, I saw the school, just off the main road. But something in my mind said: "Some other time. You can come back."

So we drove on, stopping only for a hitch hiker to jump into the back of our pickup truck.

About a mile farther on, a man stepped onto the road and flagged us

down. Everyone knows the truck of the priest, so something was amiss.

"Sick call," he said, "a few miles into the hills."

My sacristan grabbed the sick-call set, and I donned my cap for a trip under the tropical sun. Leaving the road behind, we plunged across fields of corn, abaca, and coffee. These gave way to woods and thick undergrowth. No breeze was blowing that day; just a dusty trail and sweat.

We reached the Libotan River. I recalled what a doctor had told us after our arrival in the Philippines: "Never walk across a river or a stream without your shoes on."

The reason is a minute snail that inhabits Philippine waters. A wound from one of these produces the deadly "snail fever" — a disease that in later stages cannot be cured. Most Filipinos farming in the hills do not wear shoes, but the soles of their feet are like leather. I rode piggy-back across that knee-deep river.

We were met by a man riding his water buffalo. He said the sick boy was already dead.

"How long ago?" I asked.

Shading his eyes he looked up at the sun and said, "Just a short time ago."

We quickened our pace. After cross-

ing two more rivers, we finally broke into a clearing in the woods and undergrowth. There was the house, surrounded by a young cornfield.

Our approach was greeted by the wails and cries of the boy's grieving parents. I gave the Sacraments conditionally.

During the conversation that ensued, I learned the boy had been twelve years old. Six months previously he was taken to the hospital; his symptoms were distended stomach and swollen extremities. The doctors could do nothing for him, so he was brought home to die. He had died of snail fever. He was in God's hands now.

As it was well past twelve o'clock, I accepted their invitation to have some lunch. I was thirsty but did not drink the well water, for fear of dysentery. My host broke open a young coconut, so I could have something to drink. Rice, hard-boiled eggs, and a few sardines made the meal.

As I started back on the three-mile walk, uppermost in my mind was God's providence. What if I had stopped at the school? A forty-five-minute delay would have made me too late. I thought also of the fatality of snail fever, promising myself never to take off my shoes to cross a river. ■■

**A marine stationed at Quantico, Virginia, points out the value of the "stringless" gift: "I desire to help your world mission effort by contributing money straight over the board. There are many ways of practicing charity, some more self-rewarding than others. I feel I can help best by providing some of the \$ purchasing power you need— with no strings attached."**

**The young marine was echoing sentiments of one of our Cofounders and First Superior General, Bishop James A. Walsh, who constantly preached the idea of the stringless gift. His chief reason was "to get there fastest with the mostest" for the neediest.**

By Edward R. Killackey, M.M.

# Pastor of Bunda

*When people show they will make any sacrifice for their religion, they deserve their own church.*

**M**ORE than a year ago, the people of Bunda Village made the thirty-seven-mile trip, on foot, to Musoma—the capital of their district in Tanganyika, Africa. They wanted to talk with Bishop John J. Rudin, M.M. The delegation was made up entirely of Sukuma, recent migrants to the Bunda area. They were converts to the Faith, and they thought that their numbers warranted a resident priest.

"Sunday Mass is our greatest treasure," the head of the group pleaded. "At much sacrifice, a priest comes from either Zanaki or Muhoji to say Mass once a month."

The group seemed determined to have Mass each week in their own church. Bishop Rudin admired their zeal and promised to erect a church at Bunda. The resources of the mission were low, but the insistent zeal of the delegation of Sukuma people made any sacrifice negligible.

Father Stephen L. Schroepel was named by the bishop as pastor of Bunda. There are 25,000 people in the area, seventy-five per cent of them belonging to the Sukuma tribe. The re-



mainder of the population came from five other tribes, who migrated to the area in hopes of finding better grazing lands for their cattle. Of that group, some 700 are Catholic.

Bishop Rudin was not content with mere promises. He drew plans for the construction of the chapel. Ground

was broken, the foundation laid, a block-making machine installed, and the walls sent skyward. The bishop himself supervised those initial stages.

An assistant priest, Father William E. McCarthy, has been assigned to help Father Steve. They have plenty of work to do. Each week one goes from Muhoji on safari and says Mass in four different mission chapels in the bush. Once a week they go to neighboring Government primary schools and teach *dini* (religion). They direct and assist



eight catechists, who are beginning eight catechetical schools.

To his other duties, Father Steve added the twenty-mile trip by *piki-piki* (motorcycle) to the construction site at Bunda. Oftentimes pastor joined flock in walking through the structure and talking happily of "things to be." All of them could visualize the completed parish church; although, to observers, the building lacked roof, cross-beam, windows, door.

Sometimes impatience betrayed itself as an eager Christian genuflected upon entering. The Lord must have smiled to see His Sukuma children await His Eucharistic presence.

Already a bush school is in full operation at Bunda. It was started a few years ago by Father Arthur H. Wille,

who came from Zanaki, some fifteen miles away. It's a rather run-down, mud-wattle, grass-thatched hut, with a grass roof arched with age.

This school corresponds to the first and second primary grades in the United States. At present 120 youngsters attend classes in the small buildings. Five days a week, they trudge to school and stay there from nine o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon. Then they go home to care for the family cows or do other chores.

At first the time spent at school was begrudged by parents of many youngsters. But with independence on the horizon, parents now regard education as a precious commodity and want their children to share its advantages. Many a youngster returns home in the evening and spends an hour or two retracing, for mother or father, what was taught that day.

The success of the miniature hut of learning is due fully to Boniface, a young teacher who, because of a dearth of opportunity in the secondary-school system, has had only the full term of grade-school education himself. But for nearly three years, he has been teaching the parade of eager youngsters the rudiments of reading and writing.

His salary should be paid by the school fees that the children pay each year, about ten shillings (\$1.40); but oftentimes the missionary has to make up the difference. Last year the area had a poor cotton crop, and only a few of the youngsters could scrape up a portion of the fee.

About ninety-five per cent of the bush school children are pagan, but many have expressed an interest in studying *dini*, religion. Father Steve

hopes to construct a new school in the near future. But his plans will have to rest on a good cotton crop in the season to come, and on the initiative of the people.

Trips to Bunda by Father Steve were punctuated by the Sukuma greeting of the morning, "*Wangaluca!*" Priest and people spent hours together, talking of the advances in construction and watching the altar being built. The local carpenter promised the confessionals in time. As Father Steve scurried off on his motorcycle, the air was filled with a staccato farewell: "*Tukwibona!*" ("We shall see each other again!")

Before the church was finished, Father Steve became very ill with hepatitis. Every day an inquiring face would appear at the door of the Muhoji rectory, asking, "How is Padri Steve?"

The daily inquirer would be told, and then he would return to Bunda with the news for his village people. Twenty miles meant nothing, in view of the deep friendship in Christ that was fast growing in the hearts of the people of Bunda. Recovery was slow, but eventually Father Steve returned for his first visit after hepatitis struck.

As his motorcycle came to a halt, Father Steve was enveloped by a cloud of dust, caused by people of all ages running towards him. "*Padri, tuli ba bu yegi!*" ("Father, we have much joy because you are back!") some of the group chanted.

Two youngsters simultaneously inquired, with smiles on their faces, "*Ukapila?*" ("Are you healed?") Everyone was happy. Several of the youngsters, and even some of the adults, grabbed Father Steve's hands and walked towards the construction site.

All the ingredients of an infant Christian community were there: people, a place, and a pastor to lead them.

Father Steve stayed long over his time. As he walked towards his motorcycle, he noticed that several of the group disappeared from the circle surrounding him and scurried to some huts nearby. They returned with gifts. A dozen eggs appeared; then three well-ripened mangoes. One man handed a shilling to a youngster, saying, "Press this into Padri's hand."



Traveling by motorcycle makes storage room scarce. So Father Steve took the knapsack off his back and placed the gifts in it. As he was doing that, one of the women in the group handed him a chicken and assured him that it would make him completely well again. Shyly she remarked that her only wish was that he already lived in Bunda, so that she and the other people there could cook many, many chickens for him.

Soon the aspirations of these generous Africans will come true. They will have their church—in their parish of Saint Paul. They will have their shepherd, their pastor, in the person of Father Steve Schroepfel. They will, through him, have Christ tabernacled among them. ■■

## COVER STORY

# Theophane Venard—A



**H**E WAS a small boy, only nine years old, and he lived in the village of St. Loup in France. One day on a hillside as he tended his father's goats, he and some companions read aloud from a magazine that contained the life of Father Charles Cornay, who had been martyred shortly before in Tongking, Indo-China. The story of the suffering and death of this martyr were too much for the boy.

Tears came to his eyes, and at the end he cried, "I too will go to Tongking, and I too will be a martyr!"

The way from France to Indo-China is a long one but the boy from St. Loup eventually traveled that route. He grew up to be a priest, Father Theophane Venard, and one day in early June, 1854, found himself hiding in the musty hold of a Chinese junk off Tongking.

Theophane Venard arrived in Tongking to find that an unsettled peace hung over the land. The Church had planted firm roots in the country, and numbered more than 140,000 Christians. This despite succeeding waves of persecution that decimated and martyred. There was a great shortage of priests because of the persecutions, and Theophane soon found himself engulfed in work. Then in 1858, persecution began anew.

"We are like birds on the branch of a tree, always on the alert," Theophane wrote. "We hide in little boats, or in caverns, or in tombs in the mountains, where we run the risk of being buried alive. One day we had to remain in one of these tombs for eight hours, being able to breathe only through a bamboo tube. When we came out, we were all like idiots."

For almost two years, Theophane Venard was on the run. He hid out in the mountains and moved from village to village, all the time preaching, teaching, and administering the sacraments. He saw Christians put to death by the most horrible tortures, and suffered the burning of Catholic schools and churches.

Then, on the last day of November,

*One hundred years ago, a young  
French missionary looked  
forward to beheading.*

## ard-A Modern Martyr

1860, he was caught. His catechist was strangled and he himself led away in chains. He was put in a bamboo cage and exhibited in the villages. Finally, he was condemned to death.

On the morning of February 2, 1861, Father Venard was taken from his cage. The chain about his neck and ankles was removed. The executioner, a poor hunchback who had already killed four priests, asked what the missionary would pay to be executed quickly.

"The longer it lasts, the better it will be," replied the priest.

Father Venard was stripped of all his clothes except his trousers. He knelt on the ground, ringed by soldiers and a huge crowd. The executioner swung his sword, but gave only a trial blow that did not cut deeply. The next stroke almost severed the head but the sword had become dulled and the executioner had to hack away. The blood of the young French priest drained into the sand of Indo-China.

A few days before he died, Theophane had been able to write a letter to his sister in France and have it smuggled away from his cage. This last letter reveals clearly the nature of its author.

"Perhaps tomorrow," Father Venard

wrote, "I shall be led to execution. Happy death which conducts me to the portals of eternal life! Think of your brother, wearing the aureole of the martyrs, and bearing in his hand the palm of victory! Only a few short hours and my soul will quit this earth, will finish her exile, will have done with the fight. I shall mount upwards and reach our own true home. But before arriving at all this, the grain of wheat must be ground—the bunch of grapes must be trodden in the wine press. May I become only pure bread and wine, fit for the Master's use!

"So I venture, while still in the arena and in the midst of the fight, to intone the hymn of triumph, as if I were sure of victory. And you, my dearest sister, I leave you in the field of virtue and good works. Reap a great harvest of these for the eternal life which awaits us both. Gather faith, hope, charity, patience, gentleness, sweetness, perseverance, and a holy death; and we shall be together now and forevermore. Good-by, my Melanie! Good-by, my loved sister! Good-by."

This year is the centenary of Blessed Theophane Venard's death. Our cover by Joseph Watson Little is a small commemoration. ■ ■

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## Let Him Be Heard as Well as Seen!

A priest in BOLIVIA asks for a transistor megaphone, to carry his voice over a greater range when speaking before large groups. He can have it for \$50. Will you help Padre's voice ring out the word of God?

## A Correspondence Course on Christ's

teachings is being furnished to 50 non-Christians in a parish in JAPAN. The course is free. The expense involved is for stamps and stationery. This amounts to 40 cents per student per month. Will you subsidize this charge and help to bring a soul back to Christ?

## Unsolicited Testimonial.

American motor-truck manufacturers can be proud of the excellent performance of their half-ton trucks on almost impassable mountain roads in PERU. Maintenance for the vehicles at a mission station is \$40 a month. Will you keep them rolling?

## For Benediction

Father needs a thurible, cope and veil. You can share in bringing Our Lord's blessing upon our new Catholics in TAIWAN; \$150 will cover these items.

Please send your check to:

*The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York*

## The Answer Man is the catechist.

His source of information are catechism, picture slides, and charts. A missionary in CHILE needs these items, so his catechist can give accurate information about doctrine, to the people; \$80 will supply his needs. Can you help?

## Building Babies' Bodies

is a never-ending problem in TAIWAN. Combating undernourishment among tiny tots can best be accomplished by adding vitamins to their diet; \$1 will buy enough liquid vitamins to keep a baby growing and in good health for two weeks. Can you send a dollar or more for these babies?

## They Said It Couldn't Be Done.

Four priests take care of 80,000 parishioners in PERU. This is made possible with the help of 200 volunteer catechists and ten paid catechists. To keep the salaried workers on the payroll for a month, it costs \$300. Will you hire one for a month? That will be \$30.

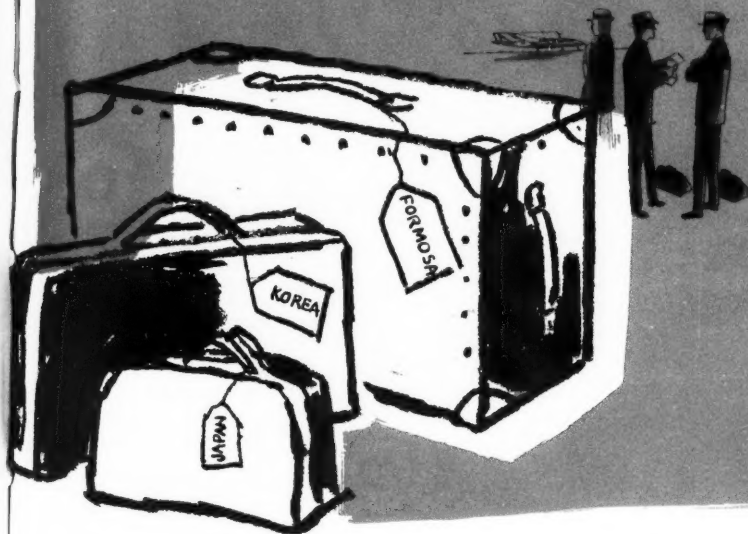
## Unfinished Business.

A Maryknoller needs \$100 to complete a rural school in CHILE. Will you help finish this school with your donation?



# When They Leave Depends on YOU

The stage is set. Another group of newly ordained Maryknollers are packing their bags in preparation for their journey to their new homes across the sea. Maryknoll does not have money for their passage, for funds that are sent to us are designated by you to be used for specific purposes. Therefore, we must come to you again for help. Thirty-five new missionaries are packed and ready. They count on your generosity for whatever amount you can give.



**Will you help them aboard, TODAY?**

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

6-61

Dear Fathers,

I enclose \$ . . . . . towards the \$500 needed to purchase tickets for each missionary. I shall pray for the success of his missionary labors. Please ask him to pray for me.

My Name . . . . .

My Street . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .

# Who will take his place?



FATHER GERARD DONOVAN, FROM McKEESPORT, PENNSYLVANIA, WAS SENT TO MANCHURIA IN 1931. HE WON MANY CONVERTS BY HIS CHEERFUL, UNFAILING GENEROSITY.

ONE DAY HE WAS CALLED OUT OF THE SANCTUARY DURING BENEDICTION, ON THE PRE-TEXT OF A SICK CALL. BANDITS KIDNAPPED HIM. HIS STRANGLERED BODY WAS FOUND ON A BLEAK MOUNTAINSIDE.



## Christ belongs to ALL the human race

